

Laurentian



lambda

VOL. XIII NO 14 LAURENTIAN UNIVERSITY, SUDBURY, ONTARIO DECEMBER 10 1974

Student
General
Association

News

Editorial
Letters
Advertisements

The SGA budget meeting

An eyewitness account

John J. O'Donnell

On Saturday, December 7th, the Student's General Association held its fourth meeting of the year. The meeting was scheduled to commence at 1 o'clock, in the Senate Room, 11th floor of the library tower. However, the president, Neil MacDonald, Richard Wilson and Jim Nordin must have thought it started at two o'clock because that's what time they sauntered in, each with an appropriate excuse, of course. This seemed to set the tone for the meeting. Of the twenty eight council members having a voting seat on the council, some twenty students managed to show, along with a few interested parties, non-voting members and the secretary, Kathy Lindsay. Everyone sat and waited, until one-thirty, for Mr. MacDonald and party. Finally, Kathy called the meeting to order, and Rachel Cantin chaired the meeting. A quorum was established present, and the council meeting began.

The Agenda included:

- 1) Approval of minutes from the S.G.A. meeting Oct. 26, 1974.
- 2) Business arising from the minutes
- 3) Correspondence
- 4) Treasurer's report re: Francophone situation
- 5) Social Convenors's report re: Pub and Winter Carnival
- 6) President's Items
- 7) Presentation of Preliminary Budget
- 8) New Business
- 9) Question Period
- 10) Adjournment

The first three items on the agenda were dispensed with quickly, quietly, and efficiently. The treasurer's report generated some emotion, in that it seems the recent split between francophone and anglophone students, and thus the creation of the A.E.F. has left the S.G.A. some \$2235.00 short. It seems the A.E.F. owes the S.G.A. for a typewriter, three desks, two cameras and some other

(cont. on page 3)

New Games Room

Students to pay

At the Student Street Committee Meeting Monday, Dec. 2, discussion centered mainly around the new Games Room in Student Street. Present at the meeting were Mr. T. L. Hennessy, Director of Services, Leonce Boudreau, and S.G.A. President, Neil MacDonald. Also present were Single Student Apts. representative, Bill Scandlan and Games Room Manager, Mike Slawny.

Slawny presented a list of equipment necessary for repairs and maintenance required for the Games Room. (The major part of expenses go towards the billiard tables).

The Committee authorized \$300 to cover the cost of essential equipment but it is estimated costs won't exceed \$200. If possible, second

hand equipment will be purchased from a pool hall going out of business.

Also under discussion was the price to be charged for use of the pool tables. The proposed price is \$1.20 per hour, the same price charged in downtown pool halls. Bill Scandlan argued that Single Students Residents should only have to pay 30 cents per hour.

Mr. Hennessy stated preference to Single Students residents would draw criticism because Student Street was provided for the use of the entire university community. He also added that Single Students apartments were provided for students who don't want conventional residence life and therefore are meant to function as downtown apartments.

Scandlan remarked that there was a demand for organization of activities in Single Students apartments and that the S.S. apts. council has support from the residents.

He said students must be given some benefits in order to attract them to Single Students apartments.

The S.G.A. is taking the financial risk in running the Games Room. Neil MacDonald said they expect to take \$1,000 each off the pool tables and the coin-operated machines. He felt the decision of the price for use of the pool tables should be left up to the Manager, Mike Slawny, and S.G.A. treasurers.

Laurentian University Players had requested the use of Room G3, Student Street, as a rehearsal hall, workshop and office - All members of the committee agreed to give them use of the room until April 30, 1975.

Next priorities for the committee are the open lounge areas on Student Street and the Hitching Post area.

Commerce discusses Senate's decision

The lower half of the Fraser auditorium was about three-quarters full Tuesday, December 3, when the Director of the School of Commerce, Mr. Ken Loucks, spoke to the Commerce students. The meeting concerned Senate's recent decision to integrate the pro schools under the faculty of Arts or Sciences.

Loucks said the people to whom the Commerce dept. is presenting their case, think their academic standings are higher and therefore treat Commerce students as second class. They also fail to understand the difference in professional programs and therefore take actions not in the best interest of the school.

Commerce students feel more threatened by Senate's proposal than the other professional schools who are willing to accept it. Loucks assured the students that Senate has no intention of doing away with the Bachelor of Commerce and no intention of closing down the school.

The School of Commerce won't change overnight in terms of quality and standards. However, it is feared that over a long term period, the School would fail to improve the quality of its courses and fail to establish relations with the outside.

In the discussion that followed, Loucks' comments students expressed a concern that if the standards go down, students will have to "fish" for jobs. Presently,

employers come to the graduating students with job offers.

Brian Demers pointed out the fact that Laurentian has a higher teacher student ratio than other Ontario universities but this is not true for the School of Commerce. Lack of adequate faculty means first and second year classes which are too large also choice of courses, especially in fourth year, are limited.

Demers said the School of Commerce generates over \$1 million in revenue for Laurentian. Limiting enrolment will cut back on the potential revenue and the whole university will suffer.

The Students' council of the School of Commerce is circulating a petition, with no faculty involvement. They see the amalgamation as a backwards step.

Other professional schools met Saturday, Nov. 30, and are passing their own petition.

One student asked what could be done to prevent such a situation from happening again. Demers said more student representation on various councils would prevent this from re-occurring. Students especially in first and second year must get involved in decision-making.

Now that students are feeling the effects of decisions, they are interested. Last fall when nominations for student senators were open, only five students applied to fill the five vacancies. Those five students were acclaimed. None of them were from the School of Commerce.

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SGA (cont.)

odds and ends, including, monies paid out for student graduations. All in all, it represents a tidy sum of somney. However, due to depreciation etc... etc... and because we don't want to get too picky, the S.G.A. decided to settle for a realization of \$1,000.00, if possible, and passed a motion to that effect. A motion to invite Dr. Monahan was also submitted and passed, the general feeling of the council was that in order for our questions regarding the above, and other areas of interest, including the current academic turmoi, Dr. Monahan might be able to shed some lite.

Lengthy discussion and general bitching topped off the social convenors report. The council was informed that the Bob McBride concert flopped, and the social convenors were about ready to throw in the towel. The whole question of concerts, movies and councils' social efforts for the students became a punching bag for awhile, and Neil MacDonald submitted a motion that no more movies and/or concerts be presented again in the Fraser Auditorium. The motion was defeated, and it was suggested that the Great Hall was more conducive to good social events,

whether they be concerts or dances. People just don't want to go to Fraser and sit. They want to drink, smoke, dance, and generally have those certain personal freedoms necessary to have a good time. And so, it was left, with no decision made, other than the movies and concerts will continue, with your support, and hopefully, we'll try a better locale the next time.

Time began to play a factor as the meeting progressed, and Miss Cantin reminded us to get our gums in gear or we'd have to move out. The Winter Carnival was discussed briefly, and we were once again reassured that there would be one. The windup bash at the Caruso Club was mentioned, and the social convenors wondered whether to rent the whole place or just the top floor. General feeling favored taking over the whole club, and members seemed to feel the turnout, especially with the proposed busing arrangements, would be exceptional. Winter Carnival then, is shaping up to be quite the week, and from Jan. 30 thru Feb. 4, all hell may very well break loose here on campus. The house band has been chosen, and "Black Creek" will be appearing regularly on campus. The usual car-pub rally is planned, jug contest and assorted orgies, so eat your wheaties over the holidays -

you'll need them. An itinerary will be available the first week of classes. Neil MacDonald then took over with his report and recounted the meeting of representatives, the Ontario Federation of Students had with John Clements in Toronto re: liquor licensing on campus. Mr. Clements was unable to attend, and another meeting is in the offing. Neil felt that a strong student front is evident, and that things should come to a head next time.

The budget was the next order of business on the agenda, and again, Miss Cantin found it necessary to remind us that this wasn't a Sunday Social.

Debate had just begun on the budget when Madam Chairman informed us that we had to move. A change of venue was submitted and we reconvened in the Great Hall.

We pressed on, and we picked part the budget, two main areas of concern seemed to come to the front. The first centred on a research allocation for those members who feel it was necessary to job out typing etc... in order to lengthen personal workloads and educate individual areas of ignorance. No decision on this item, and it was tabled. Another sore point was the amount of money budgeted for Lambda operations. Heated discussion followed, and it was decided that rather than argue all afternoon, we would also table this item.

Consequently, the rest of the budget was hashed out, and there was no decision made on the research allocation. Although there were differing opinions on how much money Lambda should get, from 0 - \$8,000, an "ad hoc" committee was struck consisting of Lambda staff and S.G.A. council members, to investigate the objectives, needs and financial situation of the paper. The budget then was approved in principal, pending reports on Lambda and the research allocation.

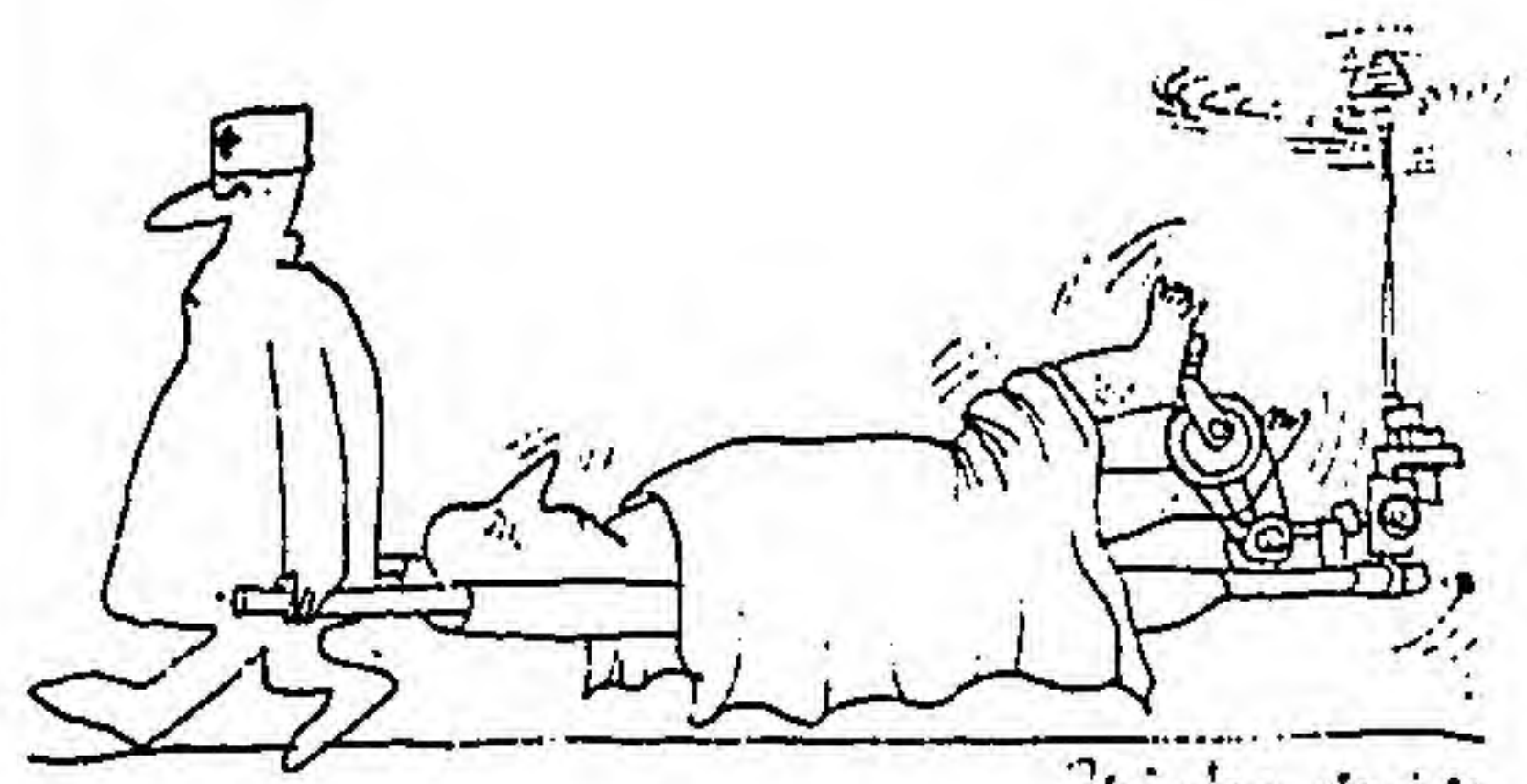
Everyone seemed to want to leave at this point. Some people, others were in various stages of "on your mark, get set, go....!" Miss Cantin wisely rushed the latter part of the agenda, volunteered to investigate the various slubs that were making applications to S.G.A. for recognition and money, asked if there were any questions. Since there were barely enough interested people left to ask, much less interested enough at this point to even raise their hands, Madam Chairwoman called the meeting. It was decided that the next meeting would be Sunday, Jan. 19th, 1975, at 2 o'clock, Senate Room, Library Tower. Members were asked to be on time, especially those with a proven record of tardiness. And that was that, 'till next time.



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Michael Smith

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This is our last issue before Christmas and all the problems associated with issues before Christmas were present. So from all of us to all of you... all the best over the Holidays (if you survive the exams). See you next year same time, same station. Staff this week: Bob, Jo-anne, Linda, Eileen, Wally, Dave, Paul, Hank and last but not far from least, our old and faithful friend Harry....
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Dateline Britain

C.R. Studholm, London, England

Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who like the Canadian P.M., Pierre Trudeau, is being depicted as one of his country's greatest Prime Ministers because of the numerous times he has been elected. Did these leaders win because of their great skill or was it the lack of competition? The answer is obvious.

Both these leaders won because they were the greater of three unappealing leaders and most certainly they both used crutches.

Pierre Trudeau used his wife to appeal to the English-speaking majority in a successful attempt to prevent a "whiplash" which deathly frightened him. However, he used her to a lesser extent than Harold Wilson had used the unions and left-wingers. The left-wingers were in the form of socialists, Trotskyites and communists such as Ormley and Scanlon (union leaders).

Mr. Wilson craftily manipulated these forces to bring him a majority government of three seats. What Mr. Wilson did not know was that he was the victim of leftist manipulation and they were not his victim.

The "worker's press" the official Trotskyite newspaper claims that there are approximately fifty left-wing M.P.'s. This is more than enough to destroy Mr. Wilson's majority.

Now, the left are taking advantage of their position by calling for radical reforms such as the wealth tax, the family monial or asset gift tax and the social contract, which is now in operation. Mr. Wilson must very slowly comply with these demands or face the consequences of a party split and left-wing fury.

Mr. Wilson's only way out of the trap he weaved for himself, is to resign while he is still in power. This would leave his name virtually untarnished in the history books - an idea all leaders appreciate.

Aux Etudiants

Aux etudiants:

Although I am not French speaking, I try (struggle) each week to read *Le Calumet*. Why? Because I know that on this campus is a minority who are very concerned about their identity and culture, and secondarily, to improve my French. Admittedly, I don't understand all of what I read and there are many words and phrases which I must get translated and what I see in *Le Calumet* disturbs me.

What the leaders and/or spokesman of the francophone population seem to desire is not a bilingual university in the true sense, but a second milieu, one of French speaking students. This separation is seen in the separation of the francos into L'A.E.F. I don't question their right to do this; if they (the francophones) feel they can better serve themselves this way, then they should separate. But I do question their logic. It has been my experience that one can do more from within the system than without; get more by asking than by threatening. By banding together as LAE.F. you threaten the Anglais, make them fearful of your power, but l'anglais is damned if he'll give in to you.

I don't question your right to ask questions of the administration and be answered in French. Or your right to take courses in French, provided there is a reasonable demand, just as I have these rights in English.

What I do question are articles such as the one on Mr. Hennessy and Denis Lapointe. Instead of inquiring whether or not there were any bilingual floors you (Denis) asked "Est-ce qu'il y a des planchers francais..." Do you wish to completely separate yourselves? That is not in the spirit of bilingualism which you espouse. And if you wish, on the two bilingual floors in Single Students, you can speak French if you choose. No one forces you to speak English, unless, of course, the person you're speaking with can't speak French. And you don't have to speak with him unless you wish.

Why don't you present your case to the entire student body via Lambda and *Le Calumet*? Explain your aims in a concise and reasonable fashion for all to see. Enough of this talk of 'les mauvais anglais'. Work for understanding and friendship among all the students on this campus. Isn't that what you really want? And what we want? It's up to you. The English students don't have an organization which is up to this task, you know. It isn't that they don't care, it's just that they don't really know because you haven't tried to tell them. You just might find that we're more reasonable than some of you think. Let's leave this University, not as the English and the French, but as Canadians, no matter what language we speak.

a ton service,
John Q. Student

Santa's L U gift

I've just come from a visit with a good friend, a Mr. S. Claus, and while sitting on his knee, he told me of a few letters he has received from here at U. L.U. It seems he's not sure what to make of them, so he's asked me to present them to the more astute students here. Anyone who can help my friend out is asked send his reply to: Santa Claus #1 North Pole The Arctic

First is a letter from Ken Loucks, of would like a new students services the Commerce Department. Seems he would office where no one can find it. like either a new university or a voodoo President of the University Doll. But if his Uncle Eddy is good to him at the next senate meeting, he would most like some new classrooms.

Several young fellows named Lappas wrote that they would like a Kenners' Easy Bake Oven and a book of recipes.

One lad nicknamed Fast Eddy would like to have a Pro School Student to burn in effigy. I think he means a pro school student doll??! He would also like to gift some school with a Department of Commerce.

The basketball Vees would like more invitational tournaments like the last one; it seems they really

had a ball at the last one.

The swimming pool staff headed by Fran would like a how-to book on coaching soccer? Pool Supervisor Greg Zorbas would like a pair of water wings.

Norm (Security Chief) Raiche wants a new supply of parking tickets for the campus; seems he's run out of them or lost them on car windows or some such.

Director of Services, Hennessy, would like a new students services office. What's wrong with the one he's got now? Perhaps he'd like a student counselling service instead?

The editors of *Le Calumet* would like a copy of Harraps Standard French-English Dictionary so they can read this letter.

The boys at Thorneloe tell me they got their Christmas gifts last September; something about co-ed facilities, I believe.

And finally, what I'd like for Christmas is in the other room mixing me another rum and coke. Excuse me while I go get the mistletoe.

Merry Christmas to all
John Q. Student

Reflections

September to December

John J. O'Donnell

It might seem strange to ask you to sit down for a minute and ask yourselves "just what you've done...." so far this year. Strange for those who don't want to know, I suppose, but still, a necessary question. What have you accomplished in three months? New friends, good marks, and some great parties? Or is it just the reverse? Think it out.

In my three months here I recognized the potential to achieve all of these things. Achievements that may not be new to those of you who are old hands at making your way through life. But what of the others? The countless members of nameless people who have no faces. What have you done for them. Have you gone out of your way to meet a new face, make a new friend? Have you participated in school activities - made an effort to help someone else have a good time? Instead of bitching, to yourself, or a select group of friends, have you gotten up and done something concrete about whatever it is you're fed up with. Are you so concerned with #1 that two, three, and four don't exist?

I've heard about a thousand things students don't like about Laurentian, from the food the Lappas Bros. put out to the parking tickets that seem to come out of nowhere. You don't approve of the music, groups and activities being offered by our students council - in fact many of you don't even approve of the S.G.A. You aren't willing to pay money, yet you want top notch entertainment on campus. You all have broken arms, so you bitch about Lambda. You all want a Winter Carnival, but you only want in on the receiving end. You complain about classes, libraries, teachers and facilities, yet you are content to sit and let it happen. Why?

There are approximately 2,000 full-time students at Laurentian University. I say students, not children; for I'm assuming basic elements should surely be present. Things like maturity, responsibility, interest, ambition, motivation; achievement oriented qualities found extremely useful when you find yourselves leaving to earn an honest paycheck. Sure, I ask why, because, for the most part, all I see are lazy, egotistical underachievers, solely interested in a piece of paper, the easy way - reaching for it from a sitting position. For those of you who are interested, this type of attitude won't get you very far. Sure, you'll get a job, and you may get married, buy a house and a car, but sooner or later, you'll have to face it - life is a reality, and not some-

it's something you consciously or unconsciously do every day, even if it's only between you and your toilet paper. Get involved, it doesn't really hurt. There's no need for students to be acclaimed to positions on various councils and "appointed?" to senate seats. There's no need to put up with something you don't like but don't walk away from it. Walk up to it, challenge and conquer. Only then can you say you've succeeded. Take some pride in your role as a student. Don't just be one, but live and act like you feel like one. If you can do it, others will follow suit, for that's the way it's always been -

Every university has, as one of its major problems, student apathy. Fortunately, for the larger ones, the crust lies buried beneath the filling and topping. But for the smaller ones, there's often not enough whipped cream to cover up the burnt pie. Laurentian University has the potential to be the best university in these parts, in all of Canada. Sure, we need professors, facilities, competent administrators to expand, but expand we will, and you can't attract good people to a bad university. Those of us who care, and I'm including each and every one of you, would like to be able to say, we came from Laurentian U. Let's hope that we can, let's hope that we all can say we helped. Instead of getting drunk and kicking phones off the walls, or windows in, get drunk and make love, not war - University was not meant to be a playpen; corralling a bunch of unruly brats. Rather, university represents an institution of higher learning, bound towards the production of more mature, better educated adults. Instead of griping about what's to come, let's concentrate on what's happening now. Why not make your stay at University one you can be proud of - full of achievements, good times and success. Good clean fun has no equal, and you can't do much better than a good education.

A movie called Summertime had a catchy line in it worth repeating: "Your best routine is yourself". To me that means be honest - if you're here to learn, then walk in that direction. Be yourself, not somebody else's fool. That way, when somebody asks you on the train - as you head home for Christmas, "what did you do for three months?", you'll be able to say, "I got involved, man; I got involved!"

thing to be taken sitting down.

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Ross on Sports

This week's column is a little short, as other things have taken priority. However, I am appealing to all sports conveners, intra-mural and varsity, to help me out in covering university athletics. Trying to cover all events, take photos, write up an article etc..., is just too much for one or two people. How about someone out there in reader's land giving us a hand. All we ask is a phone call, a note, some stats, something; to let us know what's going on and how things turned out!

Lambda has been getting a few gripes about lack of coverage in certain areas. How about an accurate schedule? Some advance notice? If we know the where, when, who and score, then activities will get covered and the paper will be that much more enjoyable for that many more people.

Getting staff is, and always will be, hard; but, with a little help from somebody in each sport, a lot can get done.

Starting next issue, January, the Lambda office will make an honest effort to cover your "thing". So let us know what's happening.

The longest journey begins with a single step. Help us out.

Have a good Christmas break.

The Jock Culture Revisited

By PAUL HOCH

Although journalism reviews rarely spend much time analyzing the sports page, it is there, as much as anywhere else, that the average newspaper reader acquires his general world view and values.

Indeed, surveys in the United States, Canada and Europe have repeatedly shown that roughly one third of the readership (and more than half of the male newspaper readership) reads little more than the sports page.

Some analysts have claimed that our modern pro-football and hockey spectacles are becoming a modernized version of the Roman gladiator shows. A sort of bread and circuses for the masses. A new opium for the people.

Sports news never has really been much more than a bit of razzamatazz for promotional purposes, and the bribery of the media men by professional promoters has long been institutionalized. (In fact, listening to the sportscasters, it is impossible to differentiate them from sports promoters.)

In his excellent book, *The Jocks*, the late Leonard Shecter remarks at one point that the so-called "Golden Age of Sport" in the '20s was a golden age of payola. He gives the example of Madison Square Gardens impresario Tex Rickard who used to hand out \$100 bills to deserving sportswriters. And he says, if things are less "golden" for sportswriters these days, it is only because the team owners realized they could be had for nothing.

"To hell with the newspapermen," ex-Mets boss George Weiss used to say, "you can buy them with a steak."

In the March 5, 1932 issue of *Collier's* magazine, heavyweight boxing champ Gene Tunney wrote that he paid five per cent of his fight purses to newsmen for publicity. He said that it was the custom of most fighters to do likewise. And it is still



George Chuvalo

commonplace for promoters to "hire" newsmen to be their press agents, often without even the knowledge of the newspaper editors:

"These situations do not enhance the standing of the newspapers allowing such practice, nor do they establish in the minds of their readers . . . (anything other than) the accusation of 'biased reporting'." (From an editorial entitled "Newsmen and 'Side Jobs'" in *Editor and Publisher*.)

Shecter points out that one reason reporters "easily become what are called 'house men'" is that those (very few) who occasionally tried to criticize a home team have suddenly found themselves out of a job. He cites various specific examples of this. Moreover, when he himself uncovered the fact that in the '50s about 30 per cent of the basketball players at St. John's never graduated, his paper flatly refused to print the story.

Purdue sport sociologists Gelfand and Heath, who were former sportswriters, seem to have just discovered this mutually profitable symbiosis.

They insist: "Sports editors should not forget that the more people they lead into athletic activity, the more avid readers they

recruit." And Malcolm Mallette, associate director of the American Press Institute, adds: "Circulation managers say that about 30 per cent of the people who buy their papers do it primarily for the sports news."

Shecter says that the wedding of media sports departments and sporting organizations has been so thoroughly consummated that the two are often "partners."

"There is the real possibility," he said, "that the newspaper needs the team more than the team needs the newspaper."

In the case of pro football, this gives the owners a free multimillion-dollar propaganda machine with an influential voice in 24 major cities and population centers in the country.

Almost on cue they promote a merger, push legislation, attack an opponent of the league, justify ticket-price increases, trades, and rule changes, or generally create a cover for whatever dealings the owners may be plotting.

There is no question as to which side of their bread the butter is on; the glamorous aura that surrounds the owners and management was created by this crucial segment of the press and news media. It is as premeditated and calculating as the star system was in the motion-picture industry.

National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle once remarked that, "Whatever success the NFL has had is due, in no small measure, to the wholehearted support it has received through the years from newspapermen, radio announcers and commentators, and more recently, television announcers and commentators."

Over the years one of the newspapers most friendly to the sports establishment has been the New York Daily News, America's largest-selling paper. The Daily News is also the long time owner of television station WPIX, which has televised New York Yankee baseball for as long as I can remember and now televises the New York Nets basketball games as well.

Thanks in part to sympathetic news coverage in the Daily News, the Yanks and Nets can draw big TV audiences on WPIX, which can then raise its advertising rates for the games. Which means more money in the bank for the Daily News.

This is not to say that the Daily News doesn't treat the Mets and Knicks every bit as good as the Yanks and Nets. After all, the paper's main sports "interest" is not its WPIX ad revenue, but its daily circulation of around a million, including people it has trained to be good "fans" (and hence good readers of the News sports pages).

The TV commentators are not far behind: "In recent years, the trend has been toward the professional team selling radio and TV rights to a network, and in the process, having the privilege of selecting the announcers. The result has been the 'All-America' announcer phenomenon (who, they say, is a 'rooster,' not a reporter) which, subtly or otherwise, promotes the home team and frequently reminds the listener to get his tickets for the next home game."

"I'm a house man," sportscaster and ex-catcher Joe Garagiola reportedly used to say. "That's what they're paying me to be."

Phil Rizzuto, former all-star shortstop and now announcer for the New York Yankees, was asked by the New York Daily News how he feels when he hears reports that announcers are just shells for the teams they work for.

"That's a lot of garbage," said the enthusiastic announcer. I don't deny that I try to make the Yankees sound interesting . . . (and) they do play many exciting games and they do have some excellent ballplayers . . . Sure I root for them but what's wrong with that? I don't go out of my way to knock the Yankees, but what about these writers who knock the paper they write for? (or the paper's advertisers, we might add).

But neither has the relationship between sports-casters and

advertisers been anything other than loving. It wasn't long ago that everytime a home run sailed out of the park, the announcer would come on to tell you that the batter had hit a "Ballantine Blast," or a "White Owl Wallop," or a "Case of Wheaties," or a "Case of Lucky Strikes," or whatever the sponsor happened to be that day.

Finally, amidst a chorus of protest — none of which came from sportscasters — the baseball commissioner had to remind his announcer jocks that, from now on "a home run will be called a home



Nancy Greene

run." Shecter points out that sports and TV "have become so inextricably entwined that sports are television and television is sports."

An article in the *Financial Post* of November 11, 1967, quoted John Bassett, publisher of the defunct Toronto Telegram, owner of the Toronto Argonauts and chairman of Maple Leaf Gardens: "You must educate your audience and merchandise your product, and this can be done through television."

A similar story revealed that the Montreal Expos were producing a series of half-hour TV shows to educate their future fans, and they quote one club official: "We are particularly interested in attracting young people — high school and university students, for example — to ensure fans for the future." (*Financial Post*, March 1, 1969).

Of course, we should not delude ourselves that it is all a case of greedy promoters "using" the media. If anything the symbiosis cuts mainly the other way. Shecter remarks, "Television buys sports. Television supports sports . . . So, slowly at first, but inevitably, television tells sports what to do. It is sports and runs them the way it does most other things, more flamboyantly than honestly."

In 1964, CBS outbid its rival networks for the rights to televise National Football League games, and it seemed it would be beating NBC in the battle for Sunday afternoon viewers for years to come.

So NBC "created" the American Football League. The AFL at that point was mainly a collection of inexperienced younger players and NFL discards, who seemed to be unable to play defense. Fumbles flew off in all directions. Their games often resembled comedy more than football. But NBC knew a shrewd investment.

They paid the AFL owners \$38 million for a five year contract, (compared with the just under \$9 million ABC had paid for the AFL's previous five-year contract), and this was the money the new league used to battle the old for the pick of the most promising rookies.

"We couldn't have competed," said AFL Commissioner Joe Foss, "without television." And sure enough, with NBC putting up a good part of the bankroll, the new league became almost as strong as the old,

and NBC had a valuable product on its hands.

"If you don't watch these TV people," says former Boston Celtics basketball coach Bill Russell, "they will devour you. First they ask you to call time-outs so they can get in their commercials. Then they will tell you when to call them. Then they want to get into the locker room at half time. Then more and more. If you don't put on the brakes, they'll tell you when to play."

Russell made these statements five years ago. Now television does tell sports teams when to play — for example, we have ABC's \$7.5 million schedule of Monday night pro football.

There has been a lot of hullabaloo about TV breaking up games to get in commercials. The TV people have always denied it. However, in May, 1967, pro soccer referee Peter Rhodes admitted that he was required to wear an electronic beeper on his shoulder, and when the network (CBS) signaled, he had to signal an "injury," thus allowing time for a commercial.

In her autobiography, Nancy Greene talks about how the schedule of the Olympic Games tended to be divided to suit the convenience of the TV boys.

But television controls not just when games are played, but whether they are played at all, and how they are played. Simply by giving coverage to some sports rather than others, TV can help ensure that those will be the popular ones.

Pro football, to take one example, struggled along as a sort of freak show of overgrown collegians until TV "created" it as a sport in the militarized era of the Cold War. In some recent football All-Star games, TV is said to have "prohibited" red-dogging the quarterback, in order to give the viewing audience a more wide open spectacle.

Shecter says the main reason the Milwaukee Braves were willing to go through the tremendous hassles of moving to Atlanta was that it was a much more lucrative TV market. Similarly, improved TV subsidies were said to be the reason the National Hockey League expanded from six to twelve teams.

It was television that uncovered pro soccer from the American sandlots and gave it national coverage. Without TV, sports like the roller derby and professional wrestling could not have survived. And it was ABC television — the most patriotic of networks — that concocted its own heavyweight championship elimination tournament to fill the "vacant" throne of Muhammed Ali.

Lately, ABC has come up with its own new-and-improved brand of hip sports promoter in Howard Cosell, a man whose supposed "tell-it-like-it-is" commentary on sports telecasts does not prevent him from ballyhooing and promoting the ritual with every second word.

It reminds you very much of the "damning" critiques of jockery by men like Jim Bouton and John Sample who, if you read their books, turn out to accept 99.9 per cent of the jock mythology. Not surprisingly, after his hotly debated, but cream-puff, critiques of major league baseball, Bouton, too, had little trouble landing himself a network TV sports job.

In 1970, Bernie Parrish noted: "Chrysler alone spent more than \$13 million to sell their cars to 39 million of the selective audience of 18-49 age group males in the wholesome setting provided by pro football."

But, since the spectacular costs of sponsoring the games are worth it in terms of reaching the most lucrative buying markets, these huge sponsorship costs become one more barrier a smaller company would have to surmount in order to stay in business. In this way, the huge scale of the burgeoning sports-TV business acts as a tremendous stimulant to the growth of monopoly in American business generally.

The amounts of money changing hands in all this are simply staggering. CBS is paying out about

\$25 million a year for rights to televise pro football. And they more than get it back from the advertisers. At last count, advertising costs for sponsors of the Super Bowl were approaching \$200,000 for a minute of commercial time! Of course, only the biggest corporations in America can afford the costs. The automobile corporations in America are high on the list (using "manhood" to sell cars).

John Galbraith, in his book, *The New Industrial State*, has perceptively noted: "The industrial system is profoundly dependent on commercial television and could not exist in its present form without it."

This certainly is true for the modern mammoth sports industry. But the reverse is to some extent true as well: It is doubtful if commercial television could have grown as fast, or could exist in its present form, without the sports industry.

In his treatise on "The Long Range Effects of TV and Other Factors on Sports Attendance," Jerry N. Jordan cites research proving "that 'sports minded people, because of their great interest in competitive games, were



Derek Sanderson

among the first to buy television sets." TV companies were advertising such things as, "Your TV set is your ticket to the fifty-yard line," or "Enjoy the game in comfort in your home regardless of the weather," and so on.

He notes that in 1948, the first year that television sets were being mass produced the percentage of TV time devoted to sports was sometimes as high as 35 per cent. Even now the most common plug for color TV buying is the suggestion that you can see the game in color. Similarly, both pro sports owners and pay-TV companies are hoping sports can usher in the new super-gravy era of pay TV and profits for them both.

So the general rule is that television needs sports almost as much as sports needs television. In the era of monopoly capitalism both have the function of stimulating hyperconsumption and fronting for the mass advertiser, from who both industries ultimately get most of their financial backing and, therefore, by whom they are ultimately controlled.

It should be pointed out that these advertising costs are added on to the price of consumer goods, so that ultimately the working class is forced to pay the price of its own brain-washing.

Monopoly capitalism needs monopoly capitalist sports and vice versa. The material conditions that create the one also create the other.

The point is that the average fan does not know who he is. This system has turned him into a cipher, and in the back of his mind he knows it. Until there is workers' control over industrial production, and until that production is reoriented toward serving unmanipulated human needs rather than the accumulation of profits, people will continue to seek their humanity in commodities.

To wander lost

To wander lost among those things,
that found, are seldom seen.
Listen, and you'll recognize, the whisper
That I bring.

Remember me, your little friend?
Who runs, when I should walk;
And many times, I'm silent,
when right it was to talk.
I grow, so big, I almost burst;
You laugh, and cry, and sing
And then I shrivel up again,
You're hurt, and I can sting.
But mark, I keep on beating, love,
I greet you every day.
Stumble yes, but never fall,
I'll help along the way.

Memories fade, grow old and dim,
But never quite depart
And though you often wonder, dear
We're seldom far apart
For I am called so many things:
To most I am an art
With you I live most happily
For I am called, your heart.

Jonathan J

Because He lives, I live

My precious Lord Jesus, please help me to be
More tender and loving to all that I see
More kind and considerate, more honest and true
A good friends to others, in all that I do!

My beloved Lord Jesus, please help me to be
More filled with Thy Spirit, and nearer to thee
More rich in thy glory, more full of thy grace
More ready for heaven, when I'll see thy face!

I thank thee, my Father, for first loving me
For sending your own Son, to die on sin's tree
My dear loving Father, how can I please thee
But act in my love, as Christ did for me!

Please help me, dear Saviour, to follow thy ways
To live for Thy glory and add to Thy praise
Living for Jesus is how I would be
I in my Saviour, His Spirit in me!

My dearest Lord Jesus, how can I express
The depth of the feelings I have in my breast
My life is your own, to use as you please
And as thou wouldst have me, please help me to be

Sharon Todd

LORELIE

Tumbling tufts of bouncing softness,
Bubbly giggles burst up to the moon;
Half open jaws show her tiny weakness -
Her arms of warmth are onto me soon.

With fluffy little paws that pinch my nose.
Cries and laughter wet deep on my chest.
Onto my eyes, my hair and who knows?
From starry, azure eyes, aflame in zest.

That's how I describe my bundle of joy
Beauty some day will indeed have bloomed,
Then my flower is too big to enjoy
I miss her already, for tomorrow's so soon.

May the 10th, 1974
David Chirko

INDIGO ROSE

All my sensualism is espoused
To the drowning waters that swarm any soul
That soak in those pitiful splendours.

Flourishing inside, the colour that is me;
While the garden's evening flowers
Bloom without anyone to pick them.

But descending from spring's green fire
Is a dropping off of every cherry petal,
Falling hopelessly into the winds of oblivion.

October the 23rd, 1974
David Chirko.

You came to me one night and cried
Told me that your turtle died
Show'd me grief and honest tears
Expressed to me your deepest fears.....

Will he go to heaven, Daddy?

Yes, my little one, your Teddy's gone to heave
A special place where turtles go
To stay awhile, in peace and rest
To then, someday, come back again

To flip and flop; to swim and play.

You came to me to-day and cried....
My Teddy's back! You laugh & sigh
And then you're off to run & tear
With not a whim, a thought or care
Teddy's back from heaven!

Jonathan J

Concert "funtastic"

Paul Dugal

The Fraser auditorium was the scene Friday night of one of the best concerts to ever be seen in Sudbury. And no one was more surprised than yours truly; or more grateful. The Bob McBride concert, instead of being another "teeny-bopper special", of which Sudbury has so many, turned out to be a solid musical experience.

The concert started slow with Bob doing three solo numbers, two of which were from Lighthouse. Then the group came on and what a group. Despite an extremely small crowd, Bob and the group came on as if they were playing to a full house in Massey Hall. Most of the music they played was written by Bob, but a far different Bob that wrote for Lighthouse. His music is clear, crisp and good and the crowd loved it. The hooting, clapping, and foot-stomping started almost right from the first, and continued throughout the two solid hour non-stop concert; and reach a climax during the encore.

Besides Bob's music, and songs from other groups, such as America, the group played one exceptional piece written by Tricia Cullen (harp synthesizer & key boards) called "Mixed Vegetables" which gave every member of the group a chance to show their talent, and reminded me of shades of Rick Wakeman.

In an interview after the concert, Bob seemed relaxed, but also excited. He was very pleased with the "great fan reaction" he and the group received. When asked if he felt Lighthouse was the launching pad for his career Bob said yes, but he also pointed out that while Lighthouse was good for him, he was good for them. Since leaving Lighthouse, Bob toured solo for a while, and then about three months ago, he hired the present group. When asked about future changes, Bob said he didn't foresee any, "I've got the people I want", he said, and I think those present at the concert would agree.



Chess Club

The Laurentian Chess Club has made it to the finals of the Second Correspondence Chess Olympics organized by the American Correspondence Chess Federation (CADAP). In the fall of 1973, Laurentian entered the preliminaries in the "club team" category, along with other challengers from North, Central and South American countries. Laurentian University, however, was the only North American club to survive to the finals, which began in October, 1974.

Representing the Laurentian Club are the incumbents, Derek Wilkinson (Sociology Dept.), Charles Dayfoot

(B.S.L. '74), and Dr. Horacio Roque-Nunez (Modern Languages), captain.

The other finalists are: San Isidro Chess Circle (Martinez, Argentina); The sensonian Organization (Buenos Aires); Roberto Grau Chess Circle (Carmen de Areco, Argentina); and Staff Chess Club of Saenz, Briones & Co. (Buenos Aires).

Each competitor plays four games simultaneously, against one member of each of the other finalist clubs. The language barrier is overcome by using international numeric notation. The winning team will be declared on November 5, 1976. Good luck, fellas!

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OPEN: December 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1974 - 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

CLOSED: December 31, 1974 and January 1, 1975.

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